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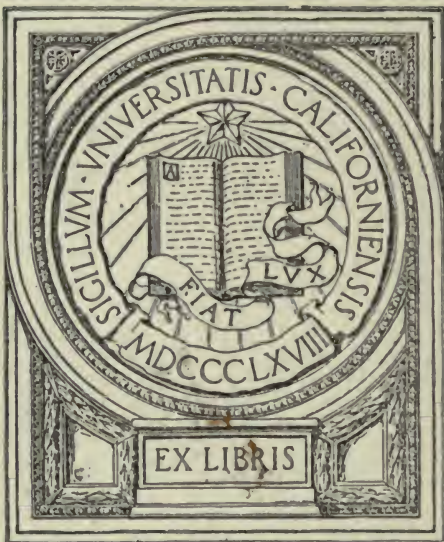
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HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

By

REV. T. E. BEEBE



PUBLISHED BY
T. E. BEEBE
Long Beach, California
General Delivery

RECORDING CHURCH

FOR THE YEAR



REV. T. E. BEEBE AND DAUGHTER CAROL



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Hatching Chickens for the Hawks

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REV. T. E. BEEBE



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Long Beach, California

1920

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INDEX

Chapter Title	Page
CHAPTER I	
Hatching Chicken for the Hawks - - -	9
CHAPTER II	
The Church Adrift - - - - -	13
CHAPTER III	
The "Social" Craze - - - - -	18
CHAPTER IV	
The "Mother Ship" - - - - -	26
CHAPTER V	
A Holiness Fighting Ministry - - -	32
CHAPTER VI	
Secret Societies - - - - - -	37
CHAPTER VII	
Unitarianized Schools - - - - -	40
CHAPTER VIII	
Infidel Literature - - - - -	46
CHAPTER IX	
An Unprofitable Business - - - -	51
CHAPTER X	
Brooder or Refrigerator? - - - -	56

POEMS

Title		Page
The Hawk's Nest	- - - - -	12
Adrift on the Tide	- - - - -	17
The Living Dead	- - - - -	25
Mother Is Dead!	- - - - -	30
Sanctification	- - - - -	36
The Lodge	- - - - -	38
The Hawk's Roost	- - - - -	44
Chaff or Wheat?	- - - - -	50
The Apostasy	- - - - -	54
The Hen-House Latched	- - - - -	60

(Poems in this book written by F. M. Lehman).

INTRODUCTION

The Bible is a perfect Book. Its prophecies are plain and pointed. They are being fulfilled before our very eyes. Take the Bible in one hand and the newspapers in the other, and one can see at a glance the prophecies and their fulfillment. We read of "perilous times," "falling away," "the love of many shall wax cold," "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse," "lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God," "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," "now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." Here is the prophetic picture of the last days; look around and behold its fulfillment. The great apostasy is not coming, it has already arrived. The perilous times are not now in the future, they are already upon us. The pleasure-loving, truth-forsaking, back-sliding conditions are not at the door, they have entered in and taken possession. It is not the cry of the pessimist, when we speak of these things. Give us time and we are optimists out and out; but at present, we are, in the language of Dr. Bresee, realists. Thank God for the anointing eye-salve of Rev. 3:18, which makes one see things as they really are.

Take a bird's eye view of our Christendom, and what do we see? We see empty church buildings in every direction. The doors are closed, the cobwebs are strewn about, and debris has taken possession. Why have the great denominations reported a falling off in membership, even of the kind they have? We are in the perilous times of apostasy. They have turned their backs on the old Book, fallen in line with higher criticism, relegated the blood, and inspiration, and miracles, and the diety of Christ outside the realm

INTRODUCTION—(Continued)

of their belief. Now it becomes easy for them to believe a lie and be damned according to II Thes. 2:11, 12.

God never intended newborn babes to be put into refrigerators to be nurtured. The question may be asked, Are not refrigerators good for something? They certainly are. Put dead chickens in them and they will be preserved; put live ones in them and they will die. Who has not entered some cold storage plant calling itself the church of God, and at once discovered an iceberg in the pulpit, icicles in the pews, frost on the eyelids, and at once felt the cold chill of religious atmosphere which almost made the teeth chatter? Thank God that all places of worship are not thus. Some are spiritually qualified to bring forth new born babes, and then nurse them and train them for God. Long years ago the Holy Ghost revealed to me, rather than to turn the products of a revival meeting over to the devourers, it was far better to bottle our own wine and crib our own corn.

Rev. T. E. Beebe has put before the reading public this timely book—*"Hatching Chickens for the Hawks,"* and in terms easily understood. He shows present-day conditions and dangers, and reasons why we should conserve our own products in church work. This book should have a wide circulation and should be read with an unbiased heart. We would better know the whole truth and know the worst here and now, while we have a chance to make good, rather than later on, when it will be too late to rectify. May the Holy Ghost, the Author of the inspired Word, send home to every heart the contents of this volume and make it an eye-opener to the sleeping, carnal, religious world at large.

W. E. SHEPARD.

CHAPTER I

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

The above title was suggested to me by an aged brother and member of a church I served as pastor in a certain New England city. It was his answer to a lady quite prominent in social affairs with whom he was conversing about the spiritual condition of a very worldly church of which she was a member in this same city, and where she taught a class of boys in the Sunday School.

This woman often attended our meetings and seemed to enjoy the preaching and the beautiful spirit of freedom manifested in our midst. She said she would like to unite with us, but could not do so until she had led her scholars to Christ and had succeeded in getting them to unite with the church of which she was a member. It was at this point of the conversation that the aged brother remarked: "*That sounds good, sister; but you are only hatching chickens for the hawks.*"

Beloved, these words contain more truth than poetry. To succeed in bringing souls to Christ and then to unite with a church worldly and spiritually dead is dangerous, and radically wrong. When church-conditions are such that converts uniting with it are sure to backslide, it will be only a short time un-

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

til the hawk will carry off the poor chicks to its bone-littered nest.

Who is there among the children of God that does not feel like weeping over the lamentable condition of the nominal church of our day? Be it far from the writer to mention the things contained in this book in a harsh, criticising spirit. However, the truth must be spoken—even though it may be hard for some to bear. To those who do not understand the facts in the case—in order that they may be enlightened—the truths in this book are addressed.

As we see it today, nowhere is apostasy more noticeable than in Methodism. We make this statement with a sad heart. It was in the Methodist Episcopal Church where we were saved and sanctified wholly, and where we received our call from heaven to preach the Gospel. In the past five years there has been a great change in this denomination, which has not been for the better. It is deplorable.

How well do we remember the old-time class meeting where the glory fell on the people, and where shouts of victory were heard from those whom God blest! How the new converts, assigned to different classes, testified with shining faces that God had kept them during the week just passed! Memory recalls those happy days with keen delight; but fact says—No more; no more!

A young man worked by my side where I was employed. I tried hard to induce him to attend class meeting with me, but for a long time he refused. He always had some excuse ready why he could not go. Finally my mind evolved a rather curious proposition, which I brought him, with a prayer on my lips that

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

God might use it to bring about his salvation. Approaching him, I said:

"Charlie, if you will go with me to class meeting next Tuesday evening, and then tell me you did not like it, I will buy you a new suit of clothes."

He thought a moment, and then said: "I will surely go."

He went. What a meeting we had! How the saints shouted for joy! The testimonies rang out with no uncertain sound. The class leader exhorted lost souls to come to Christ. Charlie could hold out no longer. He rushed forward, fell upon his knees, and began to cry for mercy and salvation. The light of heaven broke in on his soul and he was soon just as noisy as the others. My proposition had born fruit. Charlie never asked me for the suit of clothes.

Today the Methodist class meeting is out of date. It is a thing of the past. The old-fashioned love feast is no more. No more do Methodist preachers thunder out from their pulpits sermons on the Judgment, and the damnation of hell. Once they did this, and sinners quaked for fear and cried out for salvation. Oh, what a *sad* change!

The "Amen Corner" has disappeared entirely. In many Methodist churches of today it would be entirely out of place to get blest. A shout would fearfully disturb the preacher and the velvet-eared professors in their pews. The converts are dead, the atmosphere is pregnant with decay, the hawk's nest is full of bones.

THE HAWK'S NEST

F. M. Lehman.

A gray old hawk hangs over yonder crag,
With talons poised and bloody beak,
Alert to catch the chick with steps a-lag—
To carry to her nest the weak.

The modern church, should converts be found there,
Our old-time Bible safe-guards mocks;
The convert—foodless, hopeless, in despair—
Is carried off by Satan's hawks.

Young chickens thrive on grain; not oyster stews;
The finest of the wheat and corn;
We need it in our pulpits and our pews,
Tho' hirelings hold us up to scorn.

The modern church is but a hawk's nest now—
No "amen corner" and no groans;
To "feed my lambs" the churchling knows not how—
The nest is cluttered round with bones.

God save our converts from old Satan's hawks!
Pray that the dove may o'er them brood;
God, help us how to feed them grain; not stalks;
Not substitutes; not chaff: but food!

God, save us from this modern, easy way
That kills our converts at the birth!
Give us the old-time methods, Lord, we pray
That always prove their royal worth!

We shun the hawk's nest on the crags, and give
To converts young the danger-scream;
The hawk is near! To cover run, and live!—
Arouse ye from your fitful dream!

CHAPTER II

THE CHURCH ADRIFT

It was not long ago when a company of young people from the M. E. Church at Wareham, Massachusetts, went to Portsmouth campmeeting. Under the preaching of holiness they were sanctified wholly. They returned from the camp to their homes with the glory on their souls. On Wednesday evening they attended prayer meeting in their church. With the joy bells ringing in their souls they began to clap their hands and to shout the praises of God. The pastor stood to his feet, and said:

"It is a fifty dollar fine to disturb a religious meeting. The next one who shouts in this meeting will be punished to the fullest extent of the law!"

Of course, this threat did not intimidate these young people. However, the preacher did eventually crowd them out of their church home. They then organized a holiness church where they could exercise their liberty in worshipping God unmolested—with no threat of arrest and punishment by law.

This is only one case among thousands where wholly sanctified people have been forced to leave their church because the lukewarm preacher and church members could not endure their shouts of victory; because they would not tolerate a straight-cut testimony

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

to the experience of holiness. Yes, Methodism, as well as other large denominations, has drifted from God into formalism and worldliness. There is no comparison between what they once were, spiritually, and what they are now. The hawk has played havoc with their chickens. In fact, they have been caught in this deadly modern influence of worldliness, and are twice dead.

Possibly some will question my arraignment of Methodism, especially those whose eyes are not yet open to the conditions as they really are? Let us, then, introduce one whose word should have weight; one who speaks with greater authority than may myself, *viz.*, Bishop Randolph S. Foster. He saw clearly the drift of Methodism in his day and sounded out a warning, by saying:

"Just now four out of every five of our churches are doing nothing, absolutely nothing. God's blessed cause is not one whit stronger in members and influence by their living. The church of God is today courting the world. Its members are bringing it down to the level of the ungodly. The ball, the theater, nude and lewd art, social luxuries, with all their loose moralities, are making inroads into the sacred inclosure of the church. As a satisfaction for all this worldliness, Christians are making a great deal out of Lent and Easter ornamentations. It is the old trick of Satan. The Jewish church struck on that rock, the Romish church was wrecked on it, and the Protestant church is fast reaching the same doom.

"Our great dangers, as we see them, are assimilation with the world, neglect of the poor, substitution of the form for the fact of godliness, abandonment

of discipline, a hireling ministry, an impure gospel, which, summed up, is a fashionable church.

"That Methodists should be liable to such an outcome, and that there should be signs of it an hundred years from the sail-loft, seems almost a miracle of history. But who that looks about him today can fail to see the fact? Do not Methodists, in violation of God's Word and their own discipline, dress as extravagantly and as fashionably as any other class? Do not the ladies, and often the wives and daughters of the ministry, put on gold and pearls and costly array? Would not the plain dress worn by Hester Ann Rogers and many other equally distinguished, be now regarded by Methodists as fanaticism? Can any one going into a Methodist church in any of our chief cities distinguish the attire of the communicants from that of the theater and ball-room goers? Is not worldliness seen in the music? Elaborately dressed and ornamented choirs who, in many cases, make no profession of religion and are often sneering skeptics, go through a cold, artistic or operatic performance, which is as much in harmony with spiritual worship as an opera or a theater.

"Under such performance spirituality is frozen to death. Formerly every Methodist prayed, testified or exhorted in prayer meeting. Now but few are heard. Formerly shouts and praise were heard. Now such demonstrations of holy enthusiasm and joy are regarded as fanaticism. Worldly socials, festivals, concerts and such like have taken the place of the religious gatherings, revival meetings, class and prayer meetings of the earlier days.

"How true that the Methodist discipline is a 'dead letter!' Its rules forbid the wearing of gold or pearls

or costly array; yet no one ever thinks of disciplining its members for violating them. It forbids the reading of such books and the taking of such diversions as do not minister to godliness. Yet the church itself goes to shows and festivals and fairs, which destroy the spiritual life of the young as well as the old. The extent to which this is now carried on is appalling. The spiritual death it carries in its train will only be known when the millions it has swept into hell stand before the Judgment.

"The early Methodist preachers went forth to sacrifice and suffer for Christ. They did not seek places of ease and affluence, but of privation and suffering. They gloried not in their big salaries, fine parsonages, and refined congregations, but in the souls that had been won for Jesus. Oh, what a change!

"A hireling ministry will be a feeble, a timid, a truckling, a time-serving ministry without faith, endurance and holy power. Methodism formerly dwelt in the great central truth. Now the pulpits deal largely in generalities and in popular lectures. The glorious doctrine of entire sanctification is rarely heard and seldom witnessed to in the pulpits."

Do you think, reader, that the criticism of the writer is unjust when compared with the statements made by as great a man as Bishop Foster? It is all true. The half can not be told of this apostasy. Not only is this true of Methodism, but of other churches as well. Today the spiritual condition of many churches is awful in the extreme. In some churches they have introduced billiards and pool, bowling and moving pictures. Some have resorted to the worst kind of soul-degrading socials and entertainments and cantatas in an effort to hold their young people. Socials,

THE CHURCH ADRIFT

oyster suppers, strawberry festivals, rummage sales, auction sales, fairs, bazaars, and many other catch-penny schemes to raise money have been inaugurated to keep the drifting church from going on the rocks financially.

ADRIFT ON THE TIDE

F. M. Lehman.

The church is adrift on the tides of sin,
With the world in her leaking hold;
No more does she know how lost souls to win,
For her altars are dead and cold.

The church is adrift in the thick'ning fog,
With the rocks on her listing lee;
Her rudder and chart and her well-kept log
Have been lost in the churning sea.

The church is adrift, and the souls on board
See no danger and death at all;
With rocks on the lee, they, with one accord,
Only laugh at the danger call.

The church is adrift, but the captains sneer,
And the voyagers dance and play;
Then, "On with the dance!" and, "Away with fear!"
And, "Away with the Judgment Day!"

The church is adrift! Would you stay on board
And go down with the ship at last?
"Come out from among them!" thus saith the Lord,
And your lot with the ransomed cast.

CHAPTER III

THE "SOCIAL" CRAZE

Among a few of the very many socials churches have had and are still having that bring the blush of shame to the cheek of all who have principle and a regard for things sacred, the following set forth to what lengths a fallen church will go to gather shekels. What would Wesley say, were he here today?

The Toe Social. A sheet is drawn across one of the rooms and certain female members of the church remove their stockings and then push their toes underneath the sheet in sight of the congregation. A sum of money is paid for the privilege of guessing whose toes are thus exposed.

The Shadow Social. The room is darkened and a sheet drawn at one end, the same as in the Toe Social. Behind the sheet the apartment is lighted. The female in the inclosure passes between the light and the sheet, taking pains to project a clear silhouette. It costs so much per guess who the stately female is. This social has drawn many dollars from the pockets of the men.

The Kissing Social. This social has gained great prominence in the fallen churches of this country. I personally know of a case where ten cents was asked

THE "SOCIAL" CRAZE

for each kiss given a young lady who had been but recently saved. She had been influenced by certain worldly members of the church to which she belonged to permit this scandalous performance. To this kissing arrangement she innocently submitted in order that she might thus help raise money for the church. Many were the kisses she received from her male admirers. It was later reported on good authority that through this soul-degrading social this young woman had backslidden.

The Sock and Stocking Social. The Stocking Social was a new one to me until I read in a New York daily how the young women of a certain church had inaugurated this kind of a social. They took their own stockings and held them open and asked the young men they had invited to attend to put their money into them to help pay off the mortgage on the church building. The editor of the daily slurringly remarked: "Of course, the young women got all the money they needed when they took off their own stockings to their gentlemen friends."

We gather the following clipping from a religious paper. It had been copied from a daily advertising the following social to be held in the M. E. Church in an Illinois city: "The class of young ladies taught by Miss Estella Popjoy and Miss Withers' class of young men of the Grace M. E. Sunday School will give a Sock Social in the Epworth League room of the church this evening. The price of admission will be as many cents as the size of one of the hose worn by the guest desiring to gain entrance. Everybody is cordially invited to attend and enjoy the splendid programme which has been arranged."

These are just a few of the many socials the

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

churches have indulged in for fun and frolic and to raise money for church work. These socials, immoral in tone, have killed the spiritual life of all who attended and took part in them.

A short time ago we clipped from a Spokane, Washington, paper the following advertisement: "The young ladies of the Corbin M. E. Church will give a circus in the basement of the church building, Friday March 14th. The affair will be in charge of Mrs. H. B. It is announced there will be side-shows, clowns, a human skeleton, and other features. Refreshments in the way of soda-water, pop, lemonade and peanuts will be dispensed. All funds raised will be used for church purposes."



Representing the Apostasy



Representing the Church

How are the mighty fallen! Who could have believed that this church, "raised up of God," as John Wesley said, "to spread scriptural holiness," would so far apostatize from God to allow such a thing to enter her doors? A skeleton in the basement, indeed! This stands for death. When Methodism was alive

THE "SOCIAL" CRAZE

neither shows, side-shows, clowns nor human skeletons would for a moment have been tolerated. That these things are now dragged into the once sacred sanctuary only proves that our arraignment is true.

What will you say when I tell you that in the very town where these lines were penned the Congregational church had a prize fight in their church building? After the bout the preacher himself took a hand in the affair, greatly to the enjoyment of his worldly church members.

In another town, not far from where we lived, the young ladies of a certain church dressed like ghosts, went out to the graveyard, and then marched into their church to hold a ghost-dance—all to raise a few shekels for their worldly, compromising preacher. No doubt hell will be populated with the lost and damned who were swept down to perdition, caught in the tide of worldly church amusements. How vividly Mrs. Charles Cowman, a missionary in Tokio, Japan, portrays this very truth:

"Scene One. A beautiful stone church in a city. Hanging outside, a large placard with 'Bazaar! Fancy Articles for Sale. Oyster Supper, 50c.'

"Scene Two. Inside this beautiful church-palace the seats are all removed to make room for booths. Dotted here and there over the room are miniature stores with hand-made candies, fancy articles and other merchandise. Little groups are laughing and chatting together. The leader of the Bazaar enters arrayed in a new satin gown. 'Oh, what magnificent diamonds!' exclaim many. Perfumed and lovely, the handsome evening costume of the people make a brilliant picture indeed. The sale commences. The oc-

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

cupants of the booths are happy. Their little stores reap tripple the profits from wares of questionable value.

"Scene Three. Here in this corner we have a mock auction. The one who bids highest carries off the prized article. Did I hear some one say, 'Gambling?' Hush! No, it is only a church fair, and no harm. Ten o'clock, and the sales are finished. The columned accounts reach the grand total of three hundred dollars. This is to be used to keep the house of the Lord. The people go home, weary and worn from the noise and confusion, to toss on their pillows with aching heads and throbbing hearts.

"Scene Four. During the evening there passed by the church—a Stranger. At the window He paused a moment, looked into the brilliantly lighted rooms, and murmured: 'What can this place be? Its exterior architecture would constitute it a church, but, judging from the frivolities in its spacious interior, I must be mistaken. I wonder where I may find a church?'

"Scene Five. Another passes by, and pauses. 'Tis a young girl. Once her life was as pure as the driven snow, but wreck and ruin have attended her way. Sin has blasted and blackened that once-pure life. Once the world looked promising, beautiful, and Hope held sway. Out from the world's roses came a thorn that pierced her heart, now bleeding and broken. Tonight the tender years of youth have come back through memory's hallways. Mother's lullaby cradle croons have brought her wayward steps by this church. Mother sleeps in the silent city and Hope is dying—is almost dead. 'Is there no one to help me tonight?' falls from her blistered lips. 'Oh, I will go into this

THE "SOCIAL," CRAZE

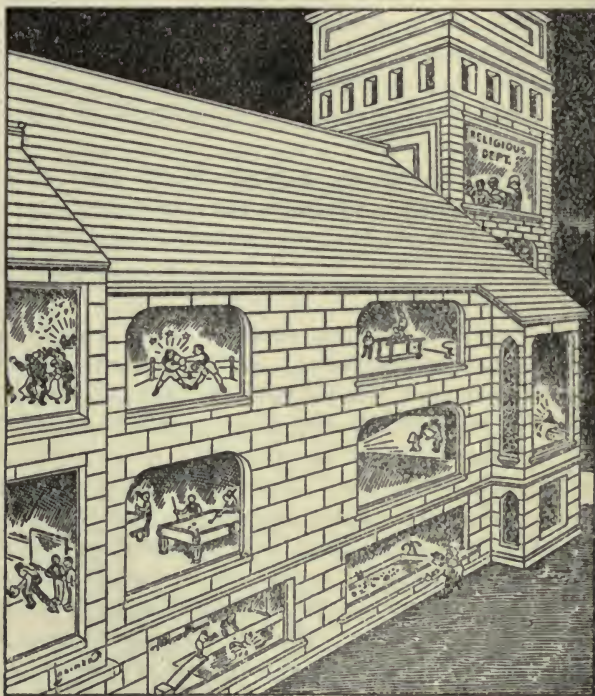
church on the avenue to find some one who will pray for me. It may be I shall find my way back to God and heaven!' Her swift steps have brought her to the half-open window. The inside revelry is the last scene. Some one is singing. She pauses to listen, alert to catch a home-call in the song. What does she hear? Not 'Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying,' but a popular love ditty; the same the denizens of the line sing in ribald abandon.

"Scene Six. With an aching heart the outcast turns slowly away. Through her blinding tears she murmurs, 'I thought to have found them praying. Churches are different than I thought they were. The river is not far away.'

"Scene Seven. In the shadows, just outside the door, stands a Silent Form. As we pause a moment, we hear Him say: 'Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise. My house shall be called the house of prayer'."

It is such churches as described above, through their worldliness and money-making schemes, who oppose God's Word. They help to populate hell and rob heaven of precious souls. It is enough to make the angels in heaven weep. It should bring the spiritual members still in her fallen fold to their knees, beseeching God to intervene to save the multitudes now being dragged to darkness and to death. All this is caused by the church locking arms with the world. The apostasy is in her last mad rush downward to eternal night. We believe it is wrong for Christians to remain in and support such churches.

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS



Here is a statement made by Dr. Freeman, Minneapolis: "My church has spent \$1,700,000 in institutionalism, and I'm through with it. It makes the minister a manager of machinery, instead of a prophet of God. I am going back to the upper-room life."

THE LIVING DEAD

F. M. Lehman.

The fallen church is a "den of thieves,"
Where the world displays its wares.
She sells her "oxen" and fatted beeves,
Pollutes her temples from sill to eves;
She bears no fruit. There is naught but leaves.
She is trapped in Satan's snares.

The "mourners' bench" has been carried out
And thrown with the back-yard trash.
And, hushed today is the old-time shout,
For she will not have these "cranks" about.
No use has she for the saint devout—
Instead, she has asked for cash.

The "Amen Corners" are changed to stalls
Where the world's cheap tinsel lies.
Her painted women give "auction"-calls,
Or "swing to the left" in "social" balls—
Oh, see! 'tis here that the Serpent crawls,
But the crowd this truth denies.

Come, see this house of the *living dead*—
Where the Christ is crucified.
See, the fallen church the world has wed.
Like sheep to slaughter her lambs are led.
She gives her people a "stone for bread"—
While a million souls have died.

Gone are the days of the saddle bags,
And come has the "Toe Bazaar."
No more revivals, but—only brags
(Above the smoke of the Turkish fags)
How much the cash on the sale of rags!—
And then comes the Judgment Bar.

And this is the plight, from coast to coast,
Of the church apostatized.
Of wealth and numbers she makes her boast,
Tho' her need is full salvation most;
She has lost the blessed Holy Ghost,
And His office work despised,

CHAPTER IV

THE "MOTHER SHIP"

We do not agree with one of the popular holiness evangelists, who for years has been a Methodist, when he says that all Methodists should stay in that church. This brother wrote an article which was published in one of the leading holiness papers, entitled: "The Mother Church." To prove that he was scriptural in his argument he used the words of Paul when caught in the storm at sea, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." He implied, of course, that all those who left the Mother ship, the Methodist Church, to unite with holiness churches, would be lost.

It is the only article we ever answered. The temptation was too great. We wrote, "The author of the article, entitled 'The Mother Ship', forgot to mention the fact that in a few days the old ship was grounded and all on board were glad to leave the stranded old wreck and escape to shore, some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship."

Who can blame the spiritual people who have labored in vain for years to stem the tide of worldliness in the nominal churches, only to see conditions grow worse and worse, for leaving the hulk at last? The "old mother ship", as the evangelist called it (whether the Methodist or any other church), captained by

THE "MOTHER SHIP"

compromising preachers, is grounded on the rocks of cold formality and spiritual death. It is only right that the voyagers leave the hopeless wreck to escape to the holiness churches where they may find shelter and safety.

Why not? Why cling to the "old mother ship" stuck fast on the quagmires of sin? Why hang on to a wreck fast going to pieces in the waves of worldly conformity and spiritual pride? What encouragement have God's people to remain on board such a vessel? Why should their converts be invited to come aboard when they well know that if they do so all will go down together? Why commit spiritual suicide and continue to be engaged in committing spiritual murder by seeing young converts thus surely put to death? Mother church, indeed!

We acknowledge that the Methodist Church was our mother. But mother died. Could we think of anything more revolting than to leave mother lying about in our parlor in a state of decomposition? Who would dream of fondling the dear form after it is clammy and cold and unresponsive to the tenderest touch? Imagine us sitting down by the side of the corpse to hold conversation. It would be one sided, to say the least. A corpse makes no reply. Should we leave our natural mother lying about after she had died, how long would it be before the authorities would take things in hand and give mother a decent burial—and kindly place us in an asylum for the weakminded or insane?

Mother. How we loved her when she went about in life! We shall never forget her soft cradle croon, her sweet evening lullabys, her cool hand upon our

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

fevered brow. We shall never forget how she looked after us when we were thoughtless and carried little responsibility. How she guided us when we had in mind to do things that were not for our good. How she led our halting feet over the rough places in youth and how she in later years gave us safe counsel and help in times of perplexity. Then came a time when mother failed. We saw symptoms of disease that gave us alarm. In our anxiety we cast about for remedies that might restore mother to health again. In spite of all our efforts, mother died.

We are not ungrateful for what mother did for us; we loved her dearly. No one ever had a mother so good as was she. Nor did we forget to bring her flowers in life. We smothered her coffin with roses and lilies, and wept as though our heart would break when we knew she was dead. We should have been delighted to keep mother with us as we knew her when she was in her prime. Yea, even when she had grown feeble under the hand of a subtle disease did we show our anxious solicitation for her welfare, and endeavored to find a way to health for her whom we loved better than life. But she died. Common sense demanded that we lay her away. The public health demanded that we bury her from sight. Love wanted to keep her, but good judgment said that she must be laid away. This we did—and peace be to her dust.

Thank God, many have left the corpse, the "mother church," dead and in the process of dissolution. They have left the stranded wreck and have engaged passage to glory on a ship that is staunch and seaworthy. From her masthead waves a royal flag upon which is inscribed: "Holiness Unto the Lord." Our tickets

THE "MOTHER SHIP"

call for three good square meals a day, with a table loaded with fruits from Canaan. For desert we have a fresh supply of heaven's dainties after each meal, with angel-cake covered with whipped cream and honey between the layers.

We have cast a last glance at the old "mother ship" with her nose in the sea and her broken rudder high in the air, poised for the final plunge. We have escaped, thank God, and are far enough away so that the suction of her plunge will not endanger our onward voyage in a safer ship. Eddies swirl and play where she has gone down, and bits of floating wreckage appear in testimony that she has foundered. All we can do is to strew a bunch of lilies upon the swirling wave and shed a tear in memory of what she has been in days gone by.

We turn away from the place with a sad heart. A lonely sea gull screams across the watery waste and the wind whispers a last requiem over the late departed. A yellowing sunset in the offing reminds us that kindly night will soon hide from our eyes the tragedy—the place where she went down. With bared head, and chin on our breast, we weep over the lost ship at sea. Love weaves the flag at half-mast on our rescuing schooner, and then we veer off to the right toward the City Eternal.

Can you not see, my Christian brother and sister, that to remain in the worldly churches of our day is suicidal? Can you not see that to win souls and then bring your winnings into her fallen fold is soul murder? You accomplish nothing, absolutely nothing. In fact, you do harm. You are but *hatching chickens for the hawks*.

MOTHER IS DEAD!

F. M. Lehman.

A man of quite peculiar mind,
(A man one does but seldom find),
Learned that his mother passed away.
He laid her on the cooling board,
Before her there his grief outpoured.
In various ways his loss deplored.
And this he did from day to day.

When asked when would the fun'ral be,
He said that he could hardly see
How he could bear her from his sight.
"I'll stay with mother," this he said,
"Altho' I know that mother's dead."
And, tho' the neighbors with him plead,
He "stayed with mother," day and night.

He sang and wrote of other years,
When she had helped him with her tears,
And guided home his wayward feet.
And, as the days and weeks went by,
He often heaved a smothered sigh,
And wiped a teardrop from his eye—
In sorrow took his drink and meat.

The hands of dissolution played,
And "mother's" mortal mould was made
Obnoxious to the neighborhood.
The townsmen sent a sable hearse,
And told the man in language terse,
That, tho' his grief seemed much the worse,
"Twas only for the common good,

That "mother" now be laid away.
The man looked at them in dismay,
And said: "No, no! 'tis mother still!
"Altho' she lies here dead and cold,
"She still does my affections hold!
"Your actions, sir, are rude and bold!"—
They laid her on the churchyard hill.

They kindly took the man away
To some asylum on the Bay,
Because his mind was thought unsound.
He did not seem to understand
That death was lurking in the land
By such mad methods he had planned—
To keep the corpse above the ground.

Say, brother, if you can not see
The point we make, then you must be
A man gone absolutely blind.
If "mother's dead," as you admit,
Why would you by her side still sit?
Why not use common sense a bit?
What ails your philosophic mind?

Come, leave her on the cooling board—
You know she has denied her Lord.
She will not have the rugged truth.
The church you call your "mother" still,
Has ceased to do the Father's will.
If souls are born, these she will kill.
Her mills are full of murdered youth.

Then let the churches hold their "wake,"
And censers o'er their corpses shake,
And burn their incense to the past.
We leave the dead-house far behind,
Where bonds of service irk and bind,
To lead to Christ the lost and blind—
With holiness and heav'n at last.

CHAPTER V

A HOLINESS FIGHTING MINISTRY

The large majority of preachers in the nominal churches of today will not stand for the preaching of holiness as a second work of grace subsequent to regeneration. It was on this glorious truth that Methodism was founded. It was this doctrine that John Wesley taught and which the preachers of Methodism once thundered out from their pulpits. It was this kind of preaching that brought things to pass. It made this church what she once was—the greatest of all revival churches. Great revivals were everywhere heard of. Like a fire, she swept everything before her. Nothing could stop her onward march to victory. Her altars were crowded with seekers. Her camp meetings were ever a blaze of glory, where the slain of the Lord were many.

The prophesy of her founder, John Wesley, has come true. He said when Methodism failed to stand by the doctrine of holiness she would be a dead letter. Oh, how true it is, that this has come to pass! The Methodist Church, as a denomination, will no longer stand by the doctrine upon which she was founded. In most cases her preachers will not tolerate an advocate of this truth. Generally she will not allow a

A HOLINESS FIGHTING MINISTRY

holiness preacher to stand on her platforms to preach the doctrine that made her what she once was.

At most of her camp meetings her preachers meet to exhibit their ability to outdo the other fellow in oratory. We have seen this so many times that our heart was made sad and we have left, crushed and crying over the deplorable conditions.

About five years ago we visited an old, historic Methodist camp ground in the state of New York. There was a time when holiness was the principle theme in this camp. As a consequence, many were led into the experience of full salvation. But, oh, what a change! Today straight holiness preaching will not be tolerated on those grounds.

When we visited that camp we heard our friend, a holiness evangelist, who had been invited to do the preaching. He had received his invitation from a certain preacher who had used his influence to bring him to this camp. The visiting preachers did not know that my friend preached this doctrine, or things might have been different. We have forgotten how many sermons he preached, but not many. One night after having preached one of his powerful sermons on the baptism with the Holy Ghost, there followed a disgraceful scene. The preachers present nearly had a riot. They fairly gnashed on him with their teeth. They turned out the lights while he was still preaching and shook their fists in each others faces in their argument against this kind of preaching. They denied that there was such an experience as the second blessing, so taught by John Wesley and his followers. They acted so disgracefully that our holiness evange-

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

list friend was forced to pack his suit-case and leave the grounds.

Opposition of this kind has been the experience of many other holiness evangelists. The opposition is growing worse. Dr. Henry Morrison, of the M. E. Church and Editor of the *Pentecostal Herald*, in his editorial of March 26th, 1920, puts his seal to all the writer has said by penning the following:

"We have sown broadcast everywhere a strong opposition to the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification. In Quarterly, District, and Annual Conferences, in city church, circuit, college, church-paper and table talk there has been a constant discounting of the second work of grace. It has been taught and understood very generally that there is no cleansing to be sought, no definite baptism of the Holy Spirit to be obtained after regeneration. What are the results? Are our people devout? Has the spiritual tide risen, and have great revivals swept the nation as the old doctrine of sanctification has been trampled out?

"When elders on their rounds and pastors in their churches have preached against this old Methodist teaching, have revivals broken out and the ball room, shows, card tables been forsaken and the altars crowded with seekers of religion? Stand up and answer "Yes!" ye advocates of Christian imperfection. You will have to answer at the Judgment Bar of God.

"During the years of the war the old Methodist doctrine of holiness has not grown in grace. Tens of thousands of our young people have flocked to the worldly places of amusements. A great multitude of impenitent, unregenerated children have been received into the church without having been born again. Our schools have been saturated with skepticism, and re-

vivals of real spiritual power are few and far between.

"There is unbelief, dissatisfaction and lawlessness everywhere. Thousands of our people have drifted away. There is no 'uncertain sound' in many pulpits. Methodist preachers are opposing revivals of religion. A large per cent. of laymen are claiming that regeneration is not necessary. While the tide of licentiousness, worldliness and sin is rising on every side, they deny there is any such thing as human depravity."

This is strong language. Coming from a man like Dr. Morrison we are obliged to accept the truth. He has a knowledge of present-day conditions as they really are. How many other distinguished preachers, evangelists and laymen, who stand for the truth of holiness, and who deplore the apostate condition of the nominal church, have cried out against this fearful apostasy with a broken heart? How it makes the heart ache to see this worldward trend! How it brings anguish indescribable to those who still preach the old-time truths of the Book to see this degeneracy in the nominal churches!

In the light of the prevailing conditions as outlined, may we expect the churches of our day to return to the old paths? Nay, verily; it will never be. They cannot return with a holiness fighting ministry at the helm; with bishops, district superintendents and other leaders opposing the truth.

No denomination has ever been redeemed from apostasy. God has always raised up another to take the place of the one that drifted away from God's standards. When one church backslides God raises up another. He will have a people to worship Him in the beauty of holiness. This is why the holiness movement is sweeping the land. This is why so many holi-

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

ness churches are being organized in so many places. It is another Reformation. It is God calling His people out from the worldly and dead churches in order that He may preserve His holy religion and have a prepared people to meet Jesus when He comes.

SANCTIFICATION

F. M. Lehman.

Oh, doctrine divine of the Master!
The cleansing from all inbred sin;
How panteth the soul for the fullness,
Desiring *His* presence within!

Tho' many deny this great blessing,
And frown on the fullness divine;
Some find it and keep it and tell it,
For Jesus eternally shine.

Apostasy cries out against it,
And cuddles its carnal desire;
While others, in spite of their warning,
Come into the fullness and fire.

The hireling will ever oppose it,
He cares not one whit for the fold,
His ear is but itching for honor;
His hand is extended for gold.

But some there are still who will preach it,
No matter how hard be the fight.
They cry out against the apostate,
And win in the pow'r of His might.

The nominal church is abandoned
To worldliness, pulpit and pew;
She does not desire to be holy;
She does not desire to be true.

But, oh! there are some who still glory
In preaching salvation from sin;
They hold to the landmarks of Canaan,
And seek to lead Israel in.

CHAPTER VI

SECRET SOCIETIES

Many bishops, district superintendents and preachers of different denominations are members of secret societies. This is contrary to the plain teaching of God's Word. These societies are made up, mostly, of men who make no profession of religion at all. Jesus Christ taught a life of separation from the world.

The apostle Paul says: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." James exclaims: "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God."

Secret societies may make a preacher more popular with the world; it may help him to secure a better charge from the bishop; but it will never make him popular in heaven, nor aid him in being a spiritual man.

When my own brother was thinking of entering the ministry his pastor, afterward a district superintendent of an eastern conference, said to him: "Before you unite with this conference, be sure to join the Masons." It is not hard to guess why such advice was given. Many of our present-day church dignitaries seem to have an itch to be popular with the world,

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

Jesus taught that His people should not conform to this world.

I know of one preacher who is a member of fourteen fraternal organizations. Of course he is very popular in the city where he preaches. But—the most spiritual people he had in his church left and united with a Holiness church in the same city. Do you blame them for not standing by this worldly minded preacher? Do you blame them for not standing by a church that had crowded Jesus Christ out by their worldly social functions?

With such preachers in the pulpits of the land, what encouragement is there for spiritually minded people to remain? Why should they support such men and churches? Why should they be asked to waste their God-given time in a fruitless effort to redeem an apostate church that does not want to be redeemed? Stay in, if you will; you will wake up to the fact that you have labored in vain; that you have only been *hatching chickens for the hawks*.

THE LODGE

F. M. Lehman.

How can a preacher in a lodge
Proclaim the truth to dying men?
Each Bible issue he must dodge
By daily walk and word and pen

If he must ride a dozen goats,
Officiate in social "screams,"
How can he pull the irking motes
From eyes, with his both full of beams?

How can he warn against a hell,
When "brothers" sneer at such a place?
To poor, lost men the story tell,
When he, himself, is leagues from grace?

"From out among them come," saith God.
"Touch not the unclean thing at all."—
See! o'er the door flames, "Ichabod!"
The word proclaims the church's fall.

How can a blind man lead the blind?
They surely both must find the ditch.
The truth and error we must find—
We want to know, sir, which is which.

If sibboleths fraternal, sir,
Will win a wand'ring world to God,
Then let us, thro' our tears that blur,
Erase that sentence, "Ichabod!"

We then would learn your grip and sign,
And how to ride your carnal goats.
Instruct us how, in superfine,
To pull from eyes the irking notes.

How may we lisp your "mote it be,"
And wear your clap-trap at the grave?
If this is how to set men free,
We want to know its power to save.

But, oh! if *this* should fail, what then?
Couldst stem this anxious query, pray?
Is grace found in your "secret" den?
Do you proclaim, This is the way?

Oh, let the mighty breath of God
Blow o'er this false, misleading thing.
The doors that bear God's "Ichabod!"
Today on worldly hinges swing.

No! take your twaddle from our sight.
If you would walk that way, you may.
The good, old Book will lead us right—
Praise God, we choose the narrow way.

No human "links" can bind our hearts
Into a loving, perfect whole.
The "square-and-compass" carnal arts
Can never satisfy the soul.

Which shall it be? the lodge, my friend?
Or will you choose the narrow way?
Remember, when you reach the end,
There is an awful Judgment Day.

CHAPTER VII

UNITARIANIZED SCHOOLS

Dr. L. W. Munhall, M. A., D. D., in his new book, "Breakers Ahead," gives a glimpse of the spiritual condition of Methodist schools, and tells us what is going on in them. Coming from a man with such a noted reputation in the M. E. Church, Dr. Munhall speaks with an authority that cannot be questioned.

He says: "Our fathers, with full knowledge of the perils to the faith of the young in the schools of their time, gave heroically of their means to establish and support schools in which should be taught nothing contrary to the Word of God or the doctrines of the church, that our young people might become and remain good Methodists.

"At the present time most of these schools are as secular as the state schools; and save in name, no more Methodistic. They have entered into competition with the schools of the state. The authorities believe themselves justified in employing unmethodistic, unchristian and even infidel instructors, providing they are experts according to the methods of the secular schools.

"In them the Bible is freely criticised, its authority challenged, its infallibility and trustworthiness denied, and the doctrine of Methodism and the historic faith

UNITARIANIZED SCHOOLS

discredited. Naturalism, skepticism, agnosticism, infidelism and worldliness have largely taken the place of the one-time spiritual and religious life of these schools, and the faith of our youth has been and is being wrecked."

Dr. Munhall is not alone in his criticism of the denominational schools of our day. The *Harpers Weekly* recently published an article, telling how the Chicago Baptists refused to turn down Professor Foster who repudiated the authority of the Scriptures and denied the deity of Jesus Christ. This magazine also told us that the Presbyterians of New York admitted to their pulpit young Mr. Black, of Edinburgh, who accepts the story of Adam and Eve only as a figure, and not in the literal sense; who acknowledges the deity of Christ, but not the Virgin birth, and does not believe in the resurrection of the body. These two men are Unitarian in faith, and yet these churches receive them with open arms. Is it any wonder that pulpits and schools of the nominal churches are wrecked in Bible faith when they sit under such infidel teaching?

A short time ago we read a letter from a young University graduate who had managed to pass through one of these schools (how rare!) and had come out without having had his faith wrecked. He sounds out a warning to parents who are thinking of sending their children to such institutions of learning. If parents who read this will heed the warning he gives, they will save themselves a thousand heartaches in later years, and their children from an almost certain hell.

He says: "Parents who send their sons and daughters into this atmosphere and receive them back poi-

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

soned at the heartstrings of their spiritual experience are responsible for the tragedy in the lives of their children. The most important thing for them to know about the college or school to which their child is going is not the standing of its football team, the wealth of its equipment, or the standing of its professors; but—What is its relation to the Lord Jesus Christ? What will be its spiritual influence? Not that the question of a high standing in the sciences is not important, but that should be made secondary to the other question.”

This a solemn warning to parents. Let us hope that all who read these lines may heed it. The unheeded warning means it will be too late to save your children from a wrecked faith and the loss of heaven. Better shed your tears now as you pray for leadings where to send your sons and daughters to school. Their souls are of far more value than the high rating of an institution that insidiously undermines a faith you taught them at your knee. We are living in a day when mother's lullaby, the cradle-croon and the “now-I-lay-me” lisped at her knee is branded backwoodsy. At any cost, keep your children out of the *hawk's roosts* of our fallen denominations.

Another case is that of a young woman who wrote the following letter to her cousin: “I came here through the influence of my pastor. He supposed, of course, that I should receive a fine orthodox training. Imagine my horror and that of my parents when I found that modern theology was strongly taught here. You probably know what this Modernism is, but I knew nothing about it until I came. I surely believe I was led here to see the magnitude of this present-day apostasy.

UNITARIANIZED SCHOOLS

"Oh, John, it is awful! the Virgin birth, the blood of atonement and the bodily resurrection are denied. Verbal inspiration and the second coming are scoffed at. The miracles are denied. These modernists also say that hell and a personal devil are a myth; that heaven is not a place, but a state. In the midst of such teaching it has been a fight to stand firm. I thank God I feel my faith is stronger now than when I came in September."

She closes her letter by saying that she expects to go to a holiness school next year, where she may have an orthodox training. She is willing to work or do anything rather than to go back to that school where she fears she might not stand true and thus eventually lose her faith in Christ.

We mention one more case. It is that of a young man whose letter was published in the *Pentecostal Herald* some time ago. In great distress of mind he wrote how several of the theological professors in the school he attended seem to have but one supreme purpose, and that is to destroy the faith of the young ministers in the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures.

Dr. Morrison, in mentioning this young man, writes: "His soul is being sorely tried. The atmosphere in which he lives is so unhealthy for spiritual development. He longs to find a place where reverence for the Holy Scriptures, vital faith in and true worship of Jesus Christ may strengthen his spiritual life."

Dr. Morrison adds: "If I were so inclined I could reveal some startling conditions of immorality and evil council in schools that not only mean the destruction of the faith but the utter break-down of morals. The young men in the universities of this nation are not brought into high regard for virtue and woman-

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

hood, or into a tender state of conscience with reference to their own conduct by being taught that our ancestors were apes. In all probability we shall in no way be held responsible for the gratification of the animal appetites."

A whole volume might be written giving the sad heart-story of students who were deceived in the apostate and Unitarianized schools of our land. Many will never be the same for having been there. Many have lost their faith in the deity of Christ and in the inspired teachings of God's holy Word.

How thankful we are to God that we sent our own precious daughter to holiness universities where her faith was preserved and her Christian character developed. As a result she is now my helper in song in our work of evangelism. There are thousands of parents with bleeding hearts who are now sorry, but too late, that they did not send their children to a holiness school. If sending your children to such faith-wrecking, soul-damning universities and schools is not the climax of ruin, what is? They return to you Unitarian in faith and may be damned forever. If all this is not *hatching chickens for the hawks*, please tell me what is?

THE HAWK'S ROOST

F. M. Lehman.

The Hawk is poised to catch your child—
Oh, guard it, guard it well!
Its roost is where faith is defiled,
Upon the rim of hell.

Insidiously it strikes, and slays,
The unsuspecting youth.
It plans defeat, in all its ways,
Of fundamental truth.

Its roost is some cathedral tall,
Where churchlings mouth their doubt;
Or, where scholastic insults fall
Upon all things devout.

It overspreads, with stealthy wing,
The noblest and the best.
A *murdered faith* it seeks to bring
Into its filthy nest.

Its roosts is cluttered all around
With faiths that once were clear;
And souls that once were strong and sound
Have all been murdered here.

Oh, shun the *Hawk's Roost* by the way;
Cling to your safe retreat.
Make war against it, now—today,
Lie low at Jesus' feet.

Cling to your refuge God has made—
Hide in the clefted Rock.
Cling to your faith; be not afraid—
Let skeptics jeer and mock.

Christ *was* divine, of *Virgin* birth;
His *blood* has pow'r to save.
And—when He comes again to earth
We'll dance above our grave.

There is a heav'n, a hell to shun,
And each one is a *place*.
'Tis true that God excluded none
In His redeeming grace.

Then shun the *Hawk's Roost* on the hill—
The nesting place of fools;
Walk in the light of God's sweet will,
Where flourish holy schools.

CHAPTER VIII

INFIDEL LITERATURE

The teaching of Higher Criticism is infidel in character. It is a direct blow to the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. It denies the miraculous narratives of the Bible and attempts to prove the same through natural means.

Very recently one of the popular preachers of New York read a paper to a company of clergymen. He ridiculed the story of the creation of man as described in the book of Genesis. He denied that there was ever a flood and the account of Lot's exit from Sodom. Naaman was never healed by going down into the muddy Jordan, and Jonah was not swallowed by a whale. He denied the truth of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. The daily paper that published his infidel statements, said: "The young preachers not long out of college threw up their hats and shouted for joy, but the old men whose eyes had grown dim from studying the Word of God, sat in silence as the tears ran down their cheeks."

How much different the teachings of Christ than that of this deceived Higher Critic. Jesus Christ Himself put His seal to the things this man denounced, and said that they were true. Speaking of the crea-

INFIDEL LITERATURE

tion of man, He said: "Have ye not read, that *he which made them* at the beginning made them male and female?"—Matt. 19:4. Jesus tells us that the flood *did* come: "But *as the days of Noah were*, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For *as in the days that were before the flood* they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away"—Matt. 24: 37, 38.

Jesus refers to Lot's exit from Sodom like this: "But *the same day that Lot went out of Sodom* it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all"—Luke 17:29. He puts His seal to the healing of Naaman by saying: "And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and *none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian*"—Luke 4:27. In referring to Jonah, we read: "For as *Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly*; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth"—Matt. 12:40. Concerning the lifting up of the serpent in the wilderness, Jesus said to Nicodemus: "And as *Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness*, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life"—John 3:14, 15. (Italics ours).

These miraculous events, denounced by this Higher Critic and that so pleased the young preachers who listened to his infidel paper, Jesus Christ declared were true. Shall we believe preachers who are tainted with infidelity and who are doing their best to undermine the Word of God? or, shall we cling to the

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

old Book and believe the record as God gave it? Let God be true, but every man a liar."

It is this kind of false teaching, published in books, magazines, and circulated widely throughout church and state that undermines the faith of the multitude in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. It is this blatant teaching that leads men to doubt the divinity of Jesus Christ.

One of the latest additions for sale at the Methodist Book Concern is a book published by George Prescott Mains, D. D., who is their agent. In this book he denies the authenticity of the Pentateuch, and makes other statements that border very closely on infidelity. The book was severely criticised by certain members of the conference, but his only answer was: "It was written in harmony with the teaching of Methodist schools, and five of their bishops approved of it."

Not only on the shelves of the Methodist Book Concern can books of an infidel nature be found. These abound in other denominations as well. Is it any wonder that the authenticity of the Scriptures is questioned when the minds of both old and young are being filled with infidelity by the reading of this poisonous literature?

The same kind of teaching has worked its way into our Sunday School literature. In these sheets have been found the insidious denials of the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit—most damning because warped and woofed into the plastic mind of the youth.

One editor was bold enough to say: "All children born into this world are born children of God and have no need of the new birth." With such teaching as this in circulation it will be a miracle if the children

INFIDEL LITERATURE

who imbibe it are ever brought to the place where they will see their need of being saved from sin. They are graduated from the Sunday School into the church without Christ. This is one reason why the nominal churches are full of unregenerates. This is why it is hard to undeceive mere church members. This is why it is so hard to make them see that they can not enter the kingdom of God unless they have been born again.

It is dangerous for parents to send their children to Sunday Schools where they imbibe false teaching. It is compromise for God's people to stand by a denomination that sanctions the sale and distribution of such books as we have mentioned—even though these pernicious epistles have the sanction of the bishops and leaders of the church. God will surely hold you responsible in the day of Judgment for not crying aloud, and for sparing these wolves in sheep's clothing. God demands that you lift up your voice against such teachers and such teaching.

Nor can you pay your money into such denominations and escape becoming a party to their infidelity. How strange that so many will not heed the warning! They keep their children in such Sunday Schools until their faith has been hopelessly wrecked. They themselves will remain until they have lost every vestige of spirituality. When Jesus comes they will find themselves without the needed supply of oil in their lamps; they will be barred from God's presence for ever. They are in the business of *hatching chickens for the hawks*.

CHAFF OR WHEAT?

F. M. Lehman

The skeptic boldly vaunts his "if" and "but,"
Upon the which God's galling curse must rest;
But oh, what double harm is in the printed smut
That slyly murders faith in human breast!

The spoken doubt may be forgotten, friend,
But what is read is burned upon the brain.
Too late for soul lament when comes the end;
Regrets for what you read will be in vain.

The skeptic's scoff upon the printed page
Will still do harm when he lies in his grave.
An error will not lose its strength by age;
It holds its pow'r the purest to enslave.

Then guard the plastic mind of children well,
And do not let them read the skeptic's page.
Know, if you do, 'twill mean eternal hell,
And that would be an all too heavy wage.

So, do not lend your influence and means
To bring about your children's soul defeat.
Denounce what even toward the doubt-ful leans;
Throw out the chaff, for you must have the wheat.

If ev'ry preacher brands the Bible wrong,
And ev'ry bishop seals the skeptic's creed;
Believe the Book, and give your faith full song;
'Tis faith in God, not doubt, this poor world's need.

CHAPTER IX

AN UNPROFITABLE BUSINESS

Hatching Chickens for the Hawks is very unprofitable business. It is all loss and no gain. My friend, to give your strength, your money and your work to build up denominations that have locked arms with the world, is unprofitable. Why affiliate with a denomination that seeks to entertain its members, instead of getting them saved and kept from sin? What a crowning folly!

Why engage in the unprofitable business of supporting preachers who fight the truth of holiness? They do not preach it, but instead busy themselves with the topics of the day. They do not preach the Gospel of Christ. They never have souls seeking deliverance from sin. Their altars are ever barren. They compromise with the world, belong to secret societies, and use their influence to turn the house of God into a social club. They are interested in entertainments while souls for whom Jesus died are dying by the thousands without hope and without God. These poor lost ones cry, "No man careth for my soul!" The condition is deplorable.

Preachers who have no burden for the lost are busy increasing their membership by receiving all who apply, regardless of whether they are saved or lost. It

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

makes no difference to them how worldly the applicants are. The yearly report must show an increase in membership. If the church board is pleased, if the district superintendent's commendation may be had, and if the applause of the annual conference falls pleasantly upon carnal ears, that is the objective. To-day the question is not, How many souls were saved and sanctified but, How large was the increase in membership? How many "drives" have you had and, How many shekels can you deposit in our Centenary coffers? Along these lines the increase must be large.

Union services, with popular evangelists, where a shake of the hand and the signing of a card are substituted for real repentance and the new birth, are the order. The card-signers are then rushed into the church as soon as possible, and the boasted increase bulletined; that so-and-so is a "very successful pastor." This is the reason the denominations are filled with men and women who have never been saved. Can you not see how unprofitable it is for you to remain in such churches? Can you not see that you are wasting your time trying to reform the apostate denominations of our day, when conditions are such that reformation is utterly impossible?

Dr. Godbey says: "So you see that church organizations, like everything else in the world, lose their efficiency, wear out, pass under the interdict of the Holy Ghost, who lays them aside, at the same time calling His people out of them. What a pity so many like rats, stay with the old condemned, unseaworthy bark! Oh, the infinite importance that we all march to the music of heaven, keeping constantly in line with the Holy Ghost! If we will be true to Him, His Word, and His providence, we will never get left by Zion's

AN UNPROFITABLE BUSINESS

soldiers marching to glory. We must have courage to walk in the light God gives. We must leave the unseaworthy and dangerous vessel, embark on a new, vigorous and seaworthy ship of Zion's glorious line."

Do not let the devil intimidate you through fear of disloyalty to your church and thereby induce you to sail on a vessel that has not passed the inspection and received the approval of Heaven's Admiralty Board, the glorious infallible Trinity. You would better secure the indorsement that your vessel is safe and seaworthy. Take warning. Many crafts are going down in the worldly shallows on all sides.

Today carnal preachers work their cards to keep Christian men and women in their dead church by saying, "If you think the church is so bad you should stay in it and let your light shine and thus help to make it more spiritual." Thousands have listened to this and settled back into the refrigerator conditions, soon to die under the frosts of cold formality and worldliness.

There is no possibility of reforming an apostate denomination. It never has been done and never will be. Bud Robinson, the noted evangelist, once said in speaking of the backslidden condition of the nominal churches and the hopelessness of reforming them: "The tree is dying at the top. When a tree dies at the top you might put a wagon-load of fertilizer around it, run an irrigation ditch near it and run fresh water by it every week, but you will never be able to restore life to the top of that tree. Each year the tree will die a little nearer the ground. Finally the top limbs will begin to fall to the ground, the bottom limbs will cease bearing fruit, and then the tree is dead."

It is a waste of time and money to attempt a re-

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

formation of such denominations. It means spiritual suicide. A spiritual man must have a spiritual atmosphere to live in or he will die; perhaps slowly, yet surely. We have heard it said that "the holiness people should not organize churches in places where there are a number of other churches." We would say, however, that there is room for a holiness church in any city or town where holiness is not preached by the churches that are there.

It is our business to bring the light of holiness to the people. There are multitudes in all the large denominations who do not hear the doctrine of holiness preached. They are as ignorant of the second definite work of grace as were the disciples at Ephesus when the apostle Paul asked the question: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Their answer was, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." Because of this existing ignorance, it has become our business to bring this truth to those who would, if they knew, receive the Holy Ghost. They must have a full Gospel.

THE APOSTASY

F. M. Lehman

Apostasy lies well intrenched
Behind its churchly creed;
It proselytes and blights and damns,
And proudly boasts its deeds.

So subtle are its fell designs
Upon the human heart,
That thousands, unsuspectingly,
Yield to its magic art.

"Tis only those who know their God,
Its subtle snare avoid;
"Tis these who warn, and pray, exhort,
Lest others be decoyed.

No reformation does it seek—
It deals in substitutes;
It thrives on sales of rummage rags,
Old shoes and rubber boots.

It has refrigerators built
In pulpits and in pews;
It deals in ice and frigid things
In all its kitchen brews.

It nauseates on things divine;
It dotes on ice and snow;
Its church thermometer informs
It 's sixty-five below.

Avoid this frigid, deadly thing
Of substitutes and shams;
Nor food nor warmth it offers you;
It only blights and damns.

Expend your strength and time and means
For holiness and God;
Walk in the light and you shall know
The path your fathers trod.

CHAPTER X

BROODER OR REFRIGERATOR

We are in a church alive with holiness. The Holy Ghost has come. The worldly members have been saved, the altars have been full again and again, and the tide runs high. A class of fifty or one hundred is "taken in," the preacher has a genuine, unpadded report for his conference, the people are spiritually hilarious, and give that way.

The oyster stews have lost their relish, the socials have assumed disgusting proportions, the Thursday afternoon card-parties have been replaced by fire-filled centers of prayer where souls pray through, and the glory is down. The evangelist went away with God's smile upon his work and in his pockets an offering to make glad the hearts of the home-folks who staid by the stuff. The preacher's salary is voluntarily increased, the district superintendent left musing, with his quarterage enlarged by several ten-spots, the appropriations are all full plus, and the community has been changed from sin to righteousness. Did ever angels rejoice over a happier scene?

What happens?

This. The next year the powers that be send to this heaven-blest place a holiness-opposing preacher. The brooder (red-hot prayer meeting) is relegated to

the scrap-heap, Arctic yodlers are brought into the choir, holiness testimonies are at first frowned on, then shot through with shafts of sarcasm, then denounced, and finally forbidden.

The holy, genial warmth has changed to Alaskan frigidity. The young people become listless, discouraged, and soon die the designed spiritual death. The older members "stick to the church," only to realize, perhaps, that from them also the glory has departed. The heat and stir of holy activity are gone. In its stead comes the stew-kettle, the kitchen, entertainment, ennui, and death.

The converts (chickens hatched) born under scriptural methods and kept alive by the only known means, the prayer meeting and free-and-easy testimony meetings (the brooder), are robbed of their legitimate protection (exposed to the hawks) by a return to the worldly methods that mean death. Is the picture true? It is. We have seen this happen just so again and again.

"Stay in your churches!" Why? To repeat the tragedy? To abet soul-murder? Has common sense lost its mooring? Are we bewitched, to lend aid to this thing? Are we to murder our intelligence for the sake of a denominational sop? Have we lost all regard for God's way of doing things? Shall we ape the apostasy, see our children ruined in this world and the next—without a protest? No! We turn away from this modern twaddle to things that make for salvation of Bible warp and woof. We mean to enter town and city and there plant the banner of holiness. Under this unfurled flag of freedom we fight, we stand, we win, we die.

It shall be our business to conduct revivals and or-

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

ganize holiness churches where God's people may be kept alive and aggressive. It shall be our business to pull cooled-off souls out of the refrigerators, souls that have lost their power with God and man, see them pray through at our altars, and thus perpetuate holiness.

In these days of test and trial of every kind, God's people need all the spiritual help they can get. They need to be encouraged by the preaching of a full Gospel, instead of being told to listen to literary sermons or cold, philosophical disquisitions of the Word of God. They need the help derived from meetings that are not dead, formal, and cold. They need to be taught how to work for Christ and to know that if they win souls they can invite them to come into the spiritual brooder where these may thrive, and not die. They must be taught that a refrigerator is a dangerous thing for young chickens. A brooder is the proper place in which to keep young chickens alive. A refrigerator is good only for dead things.

The spiritual condition of worldly minded professors is summed up by Paul as follows: "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away"—II Tim. 3:5. To turn away from them does not mean to stay and help them in their unprofitable business of *hatching chickens for the hawks*. To turn away from preachers and people who have the form of godliness and who love pleasure more than they love God, does not mean to remain in such churches and to support them. It does mean that we shall turn away from them and affiliate with churches that are pushing the battle straight for God on red-hot holiness lines.

If there is not a holiness church in your town or

city, send for a holiness evangelist. Have a tent meeting, or start a meeting in your home. God will help you soon to have a holiness church organized. Others are doing it; why not you?

Reader, we believe that God will help you to consider carefully and prayerfully the question of your church relationship. When you face the facts contained in this book—the socials, the entertainments, the buying and selling in the house of God, the catch-penny schemes to raise money to help pay the bills of the church—you will see that all these things are in direct opposition to the teaching of God's Word.

A holiness-fighting, lodge-belonging, pleasure-seeking, compromising ministry; faith-destroying, soul-damning Unitarianized universities; infidel teaching in books and Sunday School quarterlies; missionaries sent out and supported by your money who try to educate the heathen, instead of working that they may be saved from sin—all this should rouse you from your hopeless dreams of reformation. It will never come.

Conditions are growing worse and worse. Thousands upon thousands are starving to death. They do not get the spiritual food they need. They are freezing to death, sitting in their formal services. They remain members for fear of ostracism; for fear of being accused of disloyalty to the church.

With this deplorable condition existing in the apostate churches of our day, you are sure to wake up, perhaps when it is too late, to find that after all your service rendered, after all your time spent, after all the money you have given, after all the strength you have expended, after all your praying and weeping, hoping and expecting, looking for a reformation in

HATCHING CHICKENS FOR THE HAWKS

your church, it has not come. It will dawn on you, too late, it may be, that for all these years you have been engaged in the unprofitable business of *hatching chickens for the hawks*.

THE HEN-HOUSE LATCHED

F. M. Lehman.

Keep your hen-house closely latched,
For the chickens lately hatched,
That have never, never scratched,
Are in danger of the hawks that hover nigh.
Keep them in the brooder warm,
Guard them from the cold and storm
Till they gather strength and form,
Lest they chill and droop and languish but to die.

Feed them finest of the wheat.
Keep them from the chaff and cheat.
Give them plenty milk and meat.
You will be delighted how such chickens grow.
Keep the rancho sweet and clean.
Mix the mash with bits of green.
'Twill work wonders, this, I ween—
You will soon have chickens that can lay and crow.

'Tis important, we are told,
That you keep them from the cold,
For they never will get old,
If a chill wind blows across a sunny June.
Chickens that have lost their head,
Turkeys that are cold and dead,
(Be they white or black or red)
In an ice-box find a graveyard very soon.

No refrigerator, please,
And no chill December breeze,
Nor a life of idle ease,
If you want your chickens lively all the year.
Use the brooder; keep it hot.
Guard against the chilly spot,
Keep this from your chicken-lot,
And you'll have an ideal rancho, never fear.

All who read this truth may see
In this homely simile,
How the youth may be kept free,
How the church may guard its new-born converts well.
For we know that everywhere
Hawks are hanging in the air,
And we see the subtle snare
The apostasy has set that leads to hell.

Pews and pulpits, cold as ice,
Lives of ease, no sacrifice,
Ev'ry churchling has his price,
And the converts, who shall shelter from the blast?
God, we thus this sham deplore!—
Church of God, throw wide your door!
Till our converts evermore
Shall be safe and thus make heav'n their home at last.



THE END

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